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NON SIBI SED TOTO GENITOS SE CREDERE MUNDO.

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## The Friend, No. VI.

By James Littlejohn, Esq;

THE RE is no more fashionable topic of conversation than the praise of candour and liberality, and the condemnation of prejudice and contraction. My habitual attention to manners has frequently led me critically to examine the different meanings annexed to these terms by different persons. This examination has convinced me that they are used with significations totally opposite, and that many persons, if they were properly understood, would be found to patronize prejudice under the name of candour, and to stigmatize candour under the name of prejudice.

Candour may be defined, a disposition of mind, which willingly allows to every argument, cause, and character, its real weight and importance. It ought here to be remarked, that it is wholly a disposition, is by no means necessarily connected with genius, or learning; but is found in every degree of abilities, both natural and acquired.

If this definition be just, nothing can be more remote from candour than the ideas often affixed to it, nor can any thing be more correspondent with it than the conduct, which is often censured as the height of prejudice.

Truth is of great and inestimable importance; and error is not only worthless, but contemptible. Candour must of course esteem truth of the highest worth, and adhere to it with the utmost fixity. A constant adherence to truth being therefore the necessary conduct of candour, indifference to truth is its immediate opposite. Virtue is of infinite value, dignity, and loveliness. According to these characteristics must it be viewed by candour, and every view of it, which varies from these characteristics, so far varies from the views of candour. In conformity with these remarks, the Being, who is possessed of infinite candour, regards truth and virtue with infinite complacency, and vice and error with infinite loathing. In his adherence to truth and virtue, there is no variation, or intermission, nor the least relax-

ation in his hatred of error and vice.—Hence the strictest adherence to a good cause, and the firmest opposition to a bad one, is not only a conformity to the most perfect candour, but its necessary dictate.

BENEVOLUS is a person of eminent knowledge and virtue. To his eye, Truth is ornamented with charms wholly irresistible; and a virtuous action recommends its author to him more than the possession of a scepter. His heart and hand are always open to the wants, and the welfare of mankind; and even the work of wretches, in real distress, will ever command his assistance. An argument fairly exhibited to him will be allowed its full weight, and, in spite of authority, or multitude, an opinion supported by evidence will receive his assent. Virtue, even in rags, instinctively engages his reverence; and I have often seen him pull off his hat, with a very complaisant bow, to an honest beggar. But he pays no respect to folly, nor allows it in any circumstances the titles of wisdom. Of all men living perhaps he regards villainy with the least complaisance, and the least indulgence. He neither dares, nor wishes to say, let the opinions of those around be ever so different from his own, that among various sentiments he thinks there is no preference.—As he knows that practices are wholly the result of principles, that truth is the natural parent of virtue, and error of vice, no temptation could induce him to express an indifference concerning subjects of such mighty importance. To the force of argument, could it be produced, he would yield up his philosophy, his politics, or even his religion; but to fashionable opinion, or to the mere names of great men, he would not concede the difference between tweedledum and tweedle-dee. He would cheerfully spend a day, or even a week, in persuading a person, whom he esteemed erroneous, that his principles were mistaken, and that others were just; and should all his endeavours fail of success, he would still treat his antagonist with entire civility, and tender him every office of good will. The reputed improbability, or the disreputable novelty of an opinion, has no influence on his scrutinies, or his belief; and, could but reasonable evidence be offered, he would recede from every opinion he has once ent-

ertained, and admit HUME was a man of candour, VOLTAIRE a philosopher, the earth supported by a great turtle, or the moon a large cheese, fresh from a Welshwoman's dairy.

GALLIO entered the years of manhood just before the late war commenced. Debates at that time ran high, and every circle teemed with politics, warmth, and contention. The cause was mighty and interesting, involving property, freedom, happiness, and life. On such an occasion, virtue demanded feeling, and to be indifferent was selfishness and malevolence. In the course of numerous debates, at which GALLIO was present, and many of which were managed with reason and propriety, I never knew him fail of winding up the conversation, with a self-approving shrug of security, and a declaration that he was of neither side. If you ask him his opinion concerning two parties, however respectable the one, and however unworthy the other, he uniformly expresses it in that contemptible refuge of indolence and insensibility—there is blame on both sides. Choose him an arbitrator of disputes between you and your neighbour, and he will invariably *split the difference*. In a collection of Christians, strenuously asserting the evidence of revelation, he will observe, that it is very difficult to answer their arguments; in a circle of infidels, strenuously opposing it, he will remark, there is doubtless much weight in what is advanced. With Calvinists he passes for a Calvinist, and with Arminians for an Arminian; without assenting to either sect, or approving of the opinions of either. With Whigs he is, in their opinion, a Whig, and with Tories a Tory; but is neither a Tory nor Whig, nor did he ever declare himself of either party. If he hears his best friend stigmatized for a scoundrel, he observes—All men have their failings. If his Maker is insulted in his preference, he remarks—Men will make their observations. GALLIO is neither the friend, nor the enemy of any man, party, or cause.—All persons of unworthy characters engaged in disreputable parties, or holding opinions incapable of being supported, are pleased with GALLIO; for he never censures their characters, opinions, or purposes; but makes such observations, as look like approbation,



and leaves them pleased with themselves, and of consequence pleased with him. "With the world at large, he is a man of good nature, and with the persons just mentioned, a man of uncommon liberality.

As I am perfectly acquainted with both these persons, it is with no small mortification, that I hear BENEVOLUS frequently characterized as a man of prejudice, rigidity, and illiberality—candour, liberality and catholicism as often attributed to GALLIO. As I with my countrymen to adopt just and defensible opinions, I cannot but be chagrined to see the love of truth and virtue, the most illustrious trait in an intelligent character, esteemed prejudice and illiberality; or to see a total indifference to every thing valuable, or despicable, mistaken for candour. It is true, such an indifference gives no unwarrantable preference to one subject above another; for it gives no preference of any kind. But to feel as friendly to vice as to virtue, to error as to truth, to love an honest man no more than a knave, to view the happiness of millions hanging in dreadful suspense with a phlegmatic insensibility, is prejudice of a most unworthy and contemptible nature.

Like all other prejudices, this leads the mind to an uniform train of erroneous opinions. Among others, none can be of greater magnitude than those I have mentioned. To think lightly of truth and virtue, or to be insensible to the infinite preference of virtue to vice, of truth to error, and of right to wrong, is to enterain as false and as fatal opinions as can be devised. Neither the scepticism of HUME, nor the phrenzy of MURRAY, ever floated through the region of dreams, with a more bewildered flight, than the mind of that person, who feels no attachments nor dislikes towards moral objects.

There are innumerable persons, who partially wear the character of GALLIO:—SCELESTUS never speaks respectfully of virtue, nor contemptuously of vice, because either conduct would lead the company around him to make application to himself; and because he is unwilling to become his own satyrists or the panegyrist of those who are most unlike him. Yet SCELESTUS is on every occasion a decided patroniser of whiggism and public spirit; for he thinks his own political life has been esteemed consistent with his declarations. AEGON is totally silent at the mention of all virtuous conduct, except the payment of debt. AEGON, being rich, finds the payment of debts easy, and advantageous to his interests, and is clamorous in its commendation. HELVIUS is a professed discarder of political conversation, and attachments; but speaks largely in behalf of the exterior of religion. HELVIUS, through reluctance to render any service to his country, during the late war,

adopted a most suspicious ambiguity of conduct; to avoid condemning which, he never commends political integrity in others. At the same time, to gain the reputation of acting upon principle, he became remarkably punctual in his attendance at church. ARRIUS warmly panegyricizes the character of a good friend. ARRIUS fought for CALIGULA, to whom he had professed friendship, although he knew the villain was justly chastised for the grossest injury to the family of his benefactor. In the next debauch, CALIGULA attempted the virtue of ARRIUS's sister, but ARRIUS was too good a friend to resent such a trifle.

All these pass for persons of great candour, with every class of mankind, who would be wounded by the reproofs of honesty. Every man, who knows himself to be in this situation, who shrinks from the searching, meaning eye of virtue, who trembles at the approach of discovery, who is conscious that his opinions and practices will not bear examination, who feels himself shaded by the neighbourhood of piety, and who takes the alarm at the promulgation of tenets dangerous to guilt, will be highly pleased to find those, who are in some respects respectable, manifest even an indifference to his vices and follies, and to escape with a laugh of ironical approbation, where he shivered at the stings and scourges of truth. To all, who grant this indulgence to his particular failings, he pays a tribute of good names. His applause indeed is by no means the effect of gratitude; for it is designed ultimately for himself. While he celebrates the candour of his favourers, he means to insinuate that all others, if influenced by candour, would treat his conduct with the same tenderness, and speak of his character with similar respect.

To men of just inquisition, and enlarged sentiments, all the articles abovementioned will appear to be the effect of gross prejudice, and criminal insensibility. In the eye of such men, he alone will deserve the honourable epithets of candour and impartiality, who is the real, fixed friend of all those interests which the harmonizing dictates of common sense and revelation have represented as valuable. Such persons it is true are liable to error; otherwise they would cease to be men: but when they are exposed to a few trivial mistakes, the sceptic, the voluptuary, and the worldling will be lost in a wilderness of falsehood. This disposition is indeed the great, the only guide to truth and rectitude; and he who is unpossessed of it, when fairly unveiled, will ever appear alike contemptible for his disposition and his opinions.

## AN ESSAY ON CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

By the Marquis Beccaria, of Milan.

CHAP. XXXII.

Of Suicide.

SUICIDE is a crime, which seems not to admit of punishment, properly speaking; for it cannot be inflicted but on the innocent, or upon an insensible dead body. In the first case, it is unjust and tyrannical, for political liberty supposes all punishments entirely personal; in the second, it has the same effect, by way of example, as the scourging a statue. Mankind love life too well; the objects that surround them; the seducing phantom of pleasure; and hope, that sweetest error of mortals, which makes men swallow such large draughts of evil, mingled with a few drops of good, allure them too strongly, to apprehend that this crime will ever be common from its unavoidable impunity. The laws are obeyed through fear of punishment, but death destroys all sensibility. What motive then can restrain the desperate hand of suicide?

HE who kills himself does less injury to society, than he who quits his country forever; for the other leaves his property behind him, but this carries with him at least a part of his substance. Besides, as the strength of a society consists in the number of citizens, who quit one nation to reside in another, becomes double loss. This then is the question: whether it be advantageous to society, that its members should enjoy the unlimited privilege of migration.

EVERY law that is not armed with force, or which, from circumstances, must be ineffectual, should not be promulgated. Opinion, which reigns over the minds of men, obeys the slow and indirect impressions of the legislator, but resists them when violently and directly applied: and useless laws communicate their insignificance to the most salutary, which are regarded more as the obstacles to be surmounted, than as safeguards to the public good. But further, our preceptions being limited by enforcing laws which are evidently useless, we destroy the influence of the most salutary.

FROM this principle a wise dispenser of public happiness may draw some useful consequences; the explanation of which would carry me too far from my subject, which is to prove the utility of making the nation a prison. Such a law is vain, because unless inaccessible rocks, or impassable seas, divide the country from all others, how will it be possible to secure every point of the circumference, or how will you guard the guards themselves? Besides, this crime can-

not be punished when once committed; and to punish it beforehand, would be to punish the intention and not the action; the will, which is entirely out of the power of human laws. To punish the absent by confiscating his effects, besides the facility of collusion, which would inevitably be the case, and which, without tyranny, could not be prevented, would put a stop to all commerce with other nations. To punish the criminal when he returns, would be to prevent him from repairing the evil he has already done to society, by making his absence perpetual. Besides any prohibition would increase the desire of removing, and would infallibly prevent strangers from settling in the country.

WHAT must we think of a government which has no means, but fear, to keep its subjects in their own country; to which, by the first impressions of their infancy, they are so strongly attached. The most certain method of keeping men at home, is, to make them happy; and it is the interest of every state to turn the balance, not only of commerce, but of felicity in favour of its subjects. The pleasures of luxury are not the principal happiness; though, by preventing the too great accumulation of wealth in a few hands, they become a necessary remedy against the too great inequality of individuals, which always increases with the progress of society.

WHEN the populousness of a country does not increase in proportion to its extent, luxury favours despotism, for where men are most dispersed, there is least industry, the dependance of the poor upon the luxury of the rich is greatest, and the union of the oppressed against the oppressors is least to be feared. In such circumstances, rich and powerful men more easily command distinction, respect and service, by which they are raised to greater height above the poor; for men are more independent the less they are observed, and are least observed when most numerous. On the contrary, when the number of people is too great in proportion to the extent of country, luxury is a check to despotism; because it is a spur to industry, and because the labour of the poor affords so many pleasures to the rich, that they disregard the luxury of ostentation, which would remind the people of their dependance. Hence we see, that in vast and depopulated states, the luxury of ostentation prevails over that of convenience; but in countries more populous, the luxury of convenience tends constantly to diminish the luxury of ostentation.

THE pleasures of luxury have this inconvenience, that though they employ a great number of hands, yet they are only enjoyed by a few, whilst the rest, who do not partake of them, feel the want of them more sensibly, or comparing their state with o-

thers. Security and liberty restrained by the laws, are the basis of happiness, and when attended by these, the pleasures of luxury favour population, without which they become the instruments of tyranny. As the most noble and generous animals fly to solitude and inaccessible deserts, abandon the fertile plains to man, their greatest enemy; so men reject pleasure itself, when offered by the hand of tyranny.

BUT to return. If it be demonstrated, that the laws which imprison men to their own country are vain and unjust, it will be equally true of those which punish suicide, for that can only be punished after death, which is in the power of God alone; but it is no crime, with regard to man, because the punishment falls on an innocent family. If it be objected, that the consideration of such a punishment may prevent the crime; I answer, that he who can calmly renounce the pleasure of existence; who is so weary of life, as to brave the idea of eternal misery, will never be influenced by the more distant, and less powerful considerations of family and children.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Of Smuggling.

SMUGGLING is a real offence against the sovereign and the nation: but the punishment should not brand the offender with infamy, because this crime is not infamous in the public opinion. By inflicting infamous punishments, for crimes that are not reputed so, we destroy that idea where it may be useful. If the same punishment be decreed for killing a pheasant as for killing a man, or for forgery, all difference between those crimes will vanish. It is thus that moral sentiments are destroyed in the heart of man; sentiments, the work of many ages and much bloodshed; sentiments, that are so slowly, and with so much difficulty produced, and for the establishment of which such sublime motives, and such an apparatus of ceremonies were thought necessary.

THIS crime is owing to the laws themselves; for the higher the duties, the greater is the advantage, and, consequently, the temptation; which temptation is increased by the facility of perpetration, when the circumstance that is guarded great in extent, and the merchandise prohibited is small in bulk. The seizure and loss of the goods attempted to be smuggled, together with those that are found along with them, is just; but it would be better to lessen the duty, because men risk only in proportion to advantages expected.

THIS crime being a theft of what belongs to the prince, and consequently to the nation, why is it not attended with infamy?

I answer, that crimes, which men consider as productive of no bad consequences to themselves, do not interest them sufficiently to excite their indignation. The generality of mankind, upon whom remote consequences make no impression, do not see the evil that may result from the practice of smuggling, especially if they reap from it any present advantage. They only perceive the loss sustained by the prince. They are not then interested in refusing their esteem to the smuggler, as to one who has committed a theft or a forgery, or other crimes by which they themselves may suffer; from this evident principle, that a sensible being only interests himself in those evils, with which he is acquainted.

SHALL this crime then, committed by one who has nothing to lose, go unpunished? No. There are certain species of smuggling, which so particularly affect the revenue, a part of government so essential, and managed with so much difficulty, that they deserve imprisonment or even slavery; but yet of such a nature as to be proportioned to the crime. For example, it would be highly unjust for a smuggler of tobacco to suffer the same punishment a robber, or assassin; but it would be most conformable to the nature of the offence, that the produce of his labour should be applied to the use of the crown, which he intended to defraud.

## An infallible CURE for HARD TIMES.

1. CALCULATE your income, and be sure you don't let your expenses be quite so much—lay by some for a rainy day.

2. Never follow fashions -- but let the fashions follow you -- that is, direct your business, and expences, according to your own judgement, and not by the custom of fools, who spend more than their income.

3. Never listen to the tales of complainers, who spend their breath in crying "hard times," and do nothing to mend them.

4. It is a truth, that every man ought to know and realize, that every man (those only excepted who are able to support themselves in any community) may live within his income, and thereby preserve his independence. If a man is poor, his taxes are small, unless he holds an estate which he cannot pay for. In such a case, he does not own it, and therefore ought to let the owner take it.

Industry and economy, will forever triumph over hard times, and "disappointed poverty." Therefore the general cry "that we cannot pay taxes, and live," is absolutely false.

It is true, we feel, and we ought to feel, some difficulties in paying for the glorious prize of INDEPENDENCE, the taxes will



be but *temporal*, but the PRIZE immortal.—And he is unworthy of freedom, who grumbles at paying his money, when so many patriots and heroes paid down their lives to purchase it for their country.

I shall conclude with part of a sermon preached by a *sound divine*.

“The scarcity of money, is the only thing that will save this people—this alone can produce industry and economy, without which no people can be virtuous and happy. This is an universal truth, applicable to all people in every country.—It is impossible to be happy, without *industry, economy, and virtue*, and as experience evinces that these are produced by what we call *hard times*, or the *scarcity of money*, we certainly ought to be thankful when we see the causes of public happiness *operating*.—Therefore let this circumstance, excite in us *gratitude to a kind providence*, for connecting future prosperity, with present scarcity:—And so ordering causes and events, that good may come out of evil, and necessity produce reformation, and *hard times*, good times.”

#### CHARACTER of ABDOUL HAMET, the present Grand Signior.

By the Chevalier de RONAIS.

ABDOUL Hamet, Emperor of Turkey, Lord of Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and the once flourishing provinces which constituted great part of the Roman dominions, in Asia, Africa, and Europe, to the East of the river Danube, is now in his middle age, of a cheerful and benign disposition, and far removed from the pride and arrogant ferocity which disgraced so many Princes of the Ottoman race, and rendered them the dread of their people. His education was in the Seraglio at Scutari, near Constantinople, when he was early initiated into sciences and languages as taught in several countries of Christendom; he understands, beside the Turkish, Arabic, and Greek, which are common in all territories, the Italian, Spanish, and French, which he speaks with tolerable fluency; though not afraid of war, he chuses rather to cultivate arts of peace, and render his subjects rich by agriculture, and the various manufactures for which they are justly celebrated. His chief amusements are riding, and sailing in his gondola on the Bosphorus, when the weather will permit. He reads much and is said to prefer history and politics to all other works. In religion he is suspected of free-thinking; and though no man is more constant in public duties of the Mahometan persuasion, he was never heard to ridicule or condemn, either the Christian or any other sect, all of whom are tolerated in every part of

his dominions; his manners are mild, his deportment majestic, and his general behaviour so polite and engaging, that the Count de Vergennes, now Prime Minister in France, and not long since Ambassador at Constantinople, allows him to be a fine Gentleman as he had ever seen; and Sir Robert Ainslay, who now resides at the Court, as envoy for England, in a late letter to a friend, writes thus: “I have the honour of being perfectly intimate with the Grand Signior, who often converses with me in private, as one friend with another. At these parties he lays by every mark of distinction, and entertains me in a manner that really surprises, considering his country, and the like knowledge of European affairs to be expected from an Eastern Despot. He talks as familiarly of the Roman Catholic, Grecian, and Potestant religions, of the comedies at Paris, and the operas at Naples, Florence, and other parts of Italy, as any French or English traveller, who had visited those places. He ever mentioned the parties in Great Britain; asked me if there was not among us a French faction, as he heard their existed in Holland. In a word I am charmed, with his Highness, and never quit his presence but with regret.

We shall conclude the character of this excellent Prince, with observing, that the law of Mahomet, which dispenses with the general prohibition of drinking wine with respects to Sovereigns, is a little infringed by his Highness, who takes something about a hearty glass, when in company with the Christian Ambassadors, with whom he is familiar. He remarkably fond of Muscadell, and Frontignac, and often says with great pleasantry, “Were I to chuse my sect among you infidels, it should certainly be that of the Catholics, for I think they have the best wines of all Protestant, and had I not a good fortune, I could scarce drink any thing but beer and punch, for I understand there is no Protestant wine to be got, the Roman Catholics supplying their countries with it at a very dear rate.”

From all that appears in the conduct & character of Abdoul Hamet, we need not scruple to rank him in the first class of infidel Princes, as he seems to want no accomplishment that could do honour to the politest Court in Europe. In his government he is just and authoritative, but without the least spark of cruelty, and delights to pardon where he thinks death would be too severe a punishment for the crime; he abhors Janisaries as a dangerous body, but temporizes till he can find convenient opportunity of dissolving them, which he meditates day and night.

#### THE MEDICINE.

A TALE for the LADIES.

MIS Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,  
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue!  
From morn to night th' eternal larum rung,  
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten and confess'd his flame,  
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;  
Possess'd he thought of every joy of life;  
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.  
Excess of fondness did in time decline,  
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.  
From whence some pretty discords would arise.  
As ‘You’re a fool’—and, ‘You are mighty wife!’

Tho’ he and all the world allow’d her wit,  
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;  
When she began—for hat and sword he’d call,  
Then after a faint kiss,—cry, bye dear Moll;  
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose.  
And what Sir John, you’ll get your usual dose!  
Go, stink and smoke, and guzzle nasty wine;  
Sure, never virtuous love was us’d like mine.

Oft as the watchful bellman march’d his round,  
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.  
By four the knight would get his business done,  
And only then reel’d off, because alone;  
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,  
But arm’d with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepar’d  
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:  
‘Tis a fine hour! in a sweet pickle made!  
And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.  
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,  
Devour’d with spleen, and stranger to delight;  
‘Till morn sends stagg’ring home a drunken beast,  
Resolv’d to break my heart as well as rest.  
Hey! hoop! d’ye hear my damn’d obtrusive spouse,  
What, can’t you find one bed about the house?  
Will that perpetual clack lie never still?  
That rival to the softness of a mill!

Some couch and distant room must be my choice,  
Where I may sleep uncurs’d with wife and noise.

Long this uncomfortable life they led,  
With snarling meals, and each a sep’rate bed.

To an old uncle oft she would complain,  
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.

Old Wisewood smok’d the matter as it was,  
Chear up cry’d he! and I’ll remove the cause.

A wond’rous spring within my garden flows,  
Of sov’reign virtue, chiefly to compose  
Domestic jars and matrimonial strife,  
The best elixir t’appease man and wife;  
Strange are th’ effects, the qualities divine,  
‘Tis water call’d, but worth its weight in wine.

If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,  
Three spoonfulls take, hold in your mouth—then mum:

Smile, and look pleas’d, when he shall rage and scold,

Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;  
One month this sympathetic med’cine try’d,  
He’ll grow a lover, you a happy bride.  
But dearest niece, keep this grand secret dose.

Or ev’ry prattling hussy’ll beg a dose.  
A water-bottle’s brought for her relief,  
Not Nants could sooner ease the lady’s grief:

Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,  
And, female like, impatient for the event!  
The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,

Prepar’d for clamour and domestic war;  
En’tring, he cries,—hey! where’s our thunder fled!

No hurricane! Betty’s your lady dead?  
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,  
Court’fies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks:

Wond’ring, he star’d, scarcely his eyes believ’d,

But found his ears agreeably deceiv’d,  
Why, how now, Molly what’s the crochet now?

She smiles and answers only with a bow.  
Then clasping her about—why let me die!  
These night-cloaths, Moll, become thee mightily!

With that, he sigh’d, her hand began to press,

And Betty calls, her lady to undress.  
Nay, kiss me Molly—for I’m much inclin’d:  
Her lace she cuts, to take him in the mind.  
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour’d went,  
The lady pleas’d, and the good knight content.

For many days these fond endearments pass,

The reconciling bottle fails at last;

‘Twas us’d and gone,—then midnight storms arose,  
And looks and words the union discompose;  
Her coach is order’d, and post-haste she flies,  
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies,  
Transported does the strange effects relate,  
Her knight’s conversion, and her happy state!

Why, niece, says he,—I prithee apprehend

The water’s water.—Be thyself thy friend;  
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,  
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:

Be silent and complying.—You’ll soon find,  
Sir John without a med’cine will be kind.

#### ODE TO MAY

By W. Holland.

SWEET May, whose Charms disclose  
The Beauties of the opening Rose,  
Thrice welcome to our smiling Plains,  
Lov’d Idol of our Nymphs and Swains.  
At thy Approach all Hearts rejoice,  
And Harmony attunes her Voice.

Sweet Harbinger of all that’s dear,  
How do thy Smiles our Booms cheer!  
The Shepherd Swains Delighted view  
Their Sum of Happiness in you;  
Thy blest Return their Pipes declare,  
And hail thee fairest of the Fair.

Oh! let me press thee to my Heart,  
And in thy Pleasures share a Part;  
Let me thy early footsteps find,  
That give fresh Vigour to the mind.  
With thee throughout the Prospect rove,  
And list to Melody and Love.

Hark the glad Notes resound afar,  
All hail thee pleasure’s orient Star.  
Behold the festive Train advance,  
And bright Pastora lead the Dance;  
Sweet Charmer welcome to our Plains,  
And long delight our Nymphs and Swains.

A gentleman desirous of placing his son with an eminent Attorney in the west of England, wrote him the following letter, which, being rather a curiosity, and authentic, may be entertaining to our readers.

S I R,

ARE you married?—Have you a family?—Do you entertain two Clerks at one time?—Do you provide them with all conveniences?—Your answer will oblige,

Yours &c. A. B.

To which he received the following Answer.

S I R,

YOUR S received:—married, thank God—Branches of both sexes:—Junior in before Senior departed:—Every thing substantial, Table adorned:—Nicknacks and Flimsams excepted.

Yours, &c.

C. D.

T O M J O N E S.  
Or, THE FOUNDLING. From LOVE in a Cottage, A NOVEL.

Written by B. Walwyn.

STELLA observing from her window a neat young girl, inquiring where Mr. Hartley lived, and supposing she had brought some message from her father, she ran immediately down to the door, and enquired her business.

The young girl asked if Ensign Theodore was not there. Stella answered he was, and added—

“If you have any message from my father pray give it me.”

“No,” the girl answered with as much surprise as simplicity, which latter she had affected to avoid being discovered. “No, indeed, Madam, I have no business from any father, nor with any father but Ensign Theodore. If he be here I should be vastly obliged to you if you would be kind enough as to tell him one Sally Jones would be glad to speak with him.”

Stella went immediately and delivered her message.

Nothing could equal the surprise and confusion of Theodore at the mention of her name. However he had recourse to the only expedient he thought of to conceal his illicit connection with poor Sally, which was to deny knowing any such person.

Stella went and told the girl she must be mistaken in the person, for Ensign Theodore did not know her.

Sally was going to answer—“If he had not, I should never have come to this.” But the dread of exposing him who was still dear to her restrained her. She therefore, with a presence of mind that did her invention as much honor as her generous disposition, said—

“It may be Madam—I may be mistaken. I ask pardon for the trouble I have occasioned.—But Sally Jones told me that was the name I was to inquire for.”

“Why?” said Stella, “I thought you called yourself Sally Jones.”

“No, no, no!” said Sally in great confusion—“I said Sally Jones wanted to speak with him. But ‘tis not me, Madam, I assure you. ‘Tis a poor young creature that a cruel young man has beguiled of her



virtue.—And Sally having followed him from England; and hearing that he is in the regiment of Ensign Theodore, she desired I would call and know whether it was true; and if it was, where she could find him. No, indeed, Madam, it is not me. Upon my word and truth it is not me. O blest my stars! I would not have such a misapprehension for all the false-hearted men in Christendom."

Sally took her humble leave of Stella, making a thousand apologies, and asking as many pardons for the trouble she had given her.

She had scarcely left the door before she burst into tears. They watered the cheeks of an infant she had in her arms.—It smiled.

"Poor dear! said she. "you little think your father has disowned us.—But you may be happy—I must be miserable: for the false-hearted Theodore has denied me."

Her tears, which had begun to abate, flowed afresh at the thoughts of his cruelty. The poor babe, whom she was kissing during this flood of sorrow had its cheeks covered and bedewed with the pearly tribute of love, sorrow and tenderness.

It was now towards the close of the day. And having determined her fate, she went immediately to a favorite recess by the seaside, which the waves had worn from beneath an impending rock. It was here she frequently came before to indulge her sorrows whilst pregnant with this lovely pledge of his indelicacy.

Arrived upon the shore, she entered the recess, and immediately sat down upon the humid sand which the sea had just retired from laving. She undressed her infant, and, after washing it all over with seawater that had settled in a crevice of a rock, she dressed the child again with all the neatness she possibly could. And having taken some locks from the auburn tresses with which nature had lavishly adorned her, she wrapped them in a letter of Theodore's in the form of a true lover's knot, and pinned it within the bosom of the babe. As the letter had no signature by which her lover could be discovered, she knew it would only serve to convince him himself that it was his infant, should Providence preserve it, and cause him to see it in its present situation. A stock buckle, which he had given her since her departure from England, as a man servant to him until her pregnancy would no longer permit her to remain in that character, she also wrapped in another letter, and deposited with the former. It was by this means she hoped to discover to him that the fair one he had thus ruined and forsaken was the identical Thomas who had served him with fidelity since his departure from England; for she had no sooner heard of his intentions of going to America than she resolved to accompany him; she therefore disguised herself as a

lacquey, went to his lodgings, and offered her services, hearing that he wanted a lad to attend him. Being pleased with the simplicity of her manners, and the smartness of her person, he immediately engaged her as his servant, under the assumed name of Thomas Truelove.

Having adjusted the infant and its dress it only remained for her to execute her last resolve. But, before she attempted to resign her child to the will of providence, she placed it to her bosom, that it might receive all the portion of maternal sustenance her miserable state could yield. This last tender office performed, she wrapped it carefully in a cloak, which she had taken off herself. She had no more occasion for it, it was necessary to preserve the child from the dampness of the sea dewed sand. It having fallen asleep at the breast, she gave it one soft kiss before she placed it on the earth. It smiled as it slept, and the mother who had knelt down to place it more gently on the earth, still continued in that posture. She would have kissed it again—but she dared not. She was afraid of disturbing its repose. Its cries would have spread horror over her departing existence. After kneeling some minutes over the child, whose charms appeared to increase in loveliness every moment she remained weeping at its side, she rose and ran to the sea. She had buried herself in the waves, but her infant cried. The tenderness of the mother prevailed over the phrenzy of love. She was suspended in the attitude of entombing herself and her sorrows in the briny flood. Here was a picture for Raphael! Had he been witness of the attitude, say, ye connoisseurs, would he have obeyed the impulse of his feelings, or the propensity of his genius? Would he have clasped the lovely frantic in his arms, or would he have been fixed in motionless admiration of the picture that presented itself for his imitation? I hope the man would have prevailed over the painter, Her body incumbent over the deep, her face full of horror and attention turned towards her child, her hands closed, her eyes fixed, her veins frozen her lips disparted and her whole form being a statue of despair arrested by love was the figure presented. Assured they were her infant's cries, she ran to the cave, and placed the infant again on the soft pillow which nature had formed for its repose. She placed it on her breast, and it was once more lulled to slumber. Had she not been determined, this check of nature might have dissipated all her rash intentions, but she was resolved. She therefore reposed the child, and returned to the fatal surge, where, without a last look, she plunged beneath the waters.

A method of destroying insects upon trees, by Quicksilver, discovered in 1765, by one George Bradford of Hereford in England, and published in the famous Dictionary of Husbandry entitled, The Complete Farmer. The vegetable juices pass through so many strainers, and experience such transmutations, that no injury to the fruit need be apprehended from the experiment.

"THE first tree he tried the experiment upon was a plum-tree; he was afraid of trying it upon the whole body of the tree at first, as he did not know but that it might kill it at once; and therefore he selected out a particular branch, which was designed to be cut quite away at the winter pruning, for his first essay. The method of the experiment is this:—he took a small awl, and pierced, sloping, through the rind, and into part of the wood of the branch, but not to the heart or pith of it; poured in a small drop or two of quicksilver, and stopped it up with a small wooden plug made to fit the orifice:—and the result of this experiment was, that the insects all dropped off from that very branch the next day, and in a day or two more from off the other branches of the tree, without any other puncture, and the tree continued in full vigour, and throve well all the summer after. Encouraged by this success of his first essay, he next tried it upon a honey-suckle, the leaves of which were quite covered with them: and here he scraped away the top of the ground with a trowel, and run his awl in the same sloping manner, into the main stem, just above the roots, but with the same caution as above—not quite to the inner pith—and the success was the same as before: the insects all dropped off, dead, the next day after the experiment was made."

## Historical Chronicle.

PETERSBURG, Dec. 15.  
A STATEMENT of our forces is now in circulation here, and shews to what degree of power we have risen since the time of Peter I. Our land troops, not including the light troops which amount to 100,000 men, are in number 200,000.—Our marine consists of 48 ships of the line, or armed ships; 12 others are on the Black Sea. The population of the empire amounts to 12,428,428 adults. In the year 1765 we could only reckon 10,632,182, so that in 20 years the population is augmented to 2,246,306, that is, more than a fifth.

The revenue amounts to 40 millions of roubles, and the annual expences amount to 35 millions.

Dec. 16. According to the last letters from the frontiers of Persia, great confusion

prevails there, occasioned by the divers pretenders and competitors for the regency of that formerly celebrated empire.

PARIS, December 30.

They write from Cherbourg, that the great works carrying on at that port will be completed much sooner than was expected. This undertaking will doubtless be productive of great national benefit; for an alliance being concluded between France and Holland, in case of a war with the islanders of the opposite coast, the improvements at Cherbourg will facilitate the junction of our shipping with that of the republic.

DUBLIN.

Jan. 16. On Wednesday last a chimney sweeper's boy having mounted the parlour chimney of a gentleman's house in Grafton street, through mistake in his descent, got into a funnel that belonged to a room on the second floor. In a few seconds the boy descended into the bed chamber, and at the moment that an elderly lady was stepping out of bed. The lady's fright and surprize, on seeing of a sudden such an imp of darkness before her, was past all description. The door being half open, she sprung with the agility of a girl of fifteen, out of the room, without a single article on her but her shift. The boy thought it the best way to decamp, and in an instant was at the heels of the lady. The fresh sight of him added such wings to her speed, that she overtook a fat country girl, who was coming up stairs with a large bowl of whey, so that in the twinkling of an eye, mistress, maid and chimney sweep, were all sprawling together, to the utter astonishment of the whole family, who were roared with the noise and had flown to the spot.

LONDON.

Jan. 6. Lately died at Gartshore, in the parish of Kirkintilloch, eight miles from Glasgow, Anne Horne, aged 49. She was 44 times tapped for the dropsy, and 286 Scots pints taken away. For half a year before her death a Scots pint of water was collected in a day.

The following is a real fact. About a year ago a gentleman in Somersetshire being disposed to make his will, employed a lawyer whose skill in knavery was afterwards sufficiently evinced: for instead of writing as his employer instructed him, he bestowed all the money upon himself, except a 20l. legacy; and to cover his deceit, read it as he had been told. In this condition was the will sealed up, when, fortunately for the nephew (who was the intended heir) some hints were dropped, whereby the character of the lawyer became very suspicious; upon this, he, no later than the month of October last, set out for his uncle's, and requested permission to see his

will, which was at first rather resisted by the old gentleman, as it implied something like a distrust of his verity.—But at length his request being complied with, to the great astonishment of both parties, they discovered how much the lawyer preferred his own advantage to that of his neighbour, by the care he had taken of himself in the will. The discovery at this time was particularly fortunate, as the gentleman is since dead, and has left his nephew no less a sum than 10,000l.

Jan. 2. A running footman to the Grand Duke, in repairing the floor of a house he had lately purchased which had belonged to the clergy, found in a hole in one of the beams 354 pieces of gold, wrapped up in scraps of linen, each containing six pieces. About 300 of them are the coin of Louis XI. Charles VIII. Louis XII. and Francis I. There are among them also florins of the regency of Florence, and crowns of duke Alexander, and of the Doge Venice, Andre Gritti.

## UNITED STATES.

BOSTON, April 26.

The following is extracted from a Charleston (South-Carolina) paper, of April 3d, received by the brig Fame, Capt. Tilden, which arrived here from that place on Tuesday last.

State of South-Carolina.

Capt. Charles Pelley, a passenger on board the sloop May, Capt. Duncan Hill, from St. Christopher's, out 22 days, declares, that about four days before he left St. Eustatia, where he took his passage on board said sloop, which might be on the third or fourth of March last, he saw a certain Montgomery, whom he knew several years, and was then mate of an English ship from London, who acquainted Capt. Pelley, that about ten days before that date, they met with three Algerine vessels about 30 leagues to the eastward of Barbadoes, consisting of two ships, one of 22 guns, the other of 14, and one xebec, of 12 guns, that the Algerines bore down with an easy sail to the ship in which Montgomery was, and ordered the Captain of the ship to come on board, which was accordingly done. The Capt. of the Algerine 22 gun ship interrogated him on the quarter deck with the following questions, viz. From whence he came? where he was born? where bound? and if he had any American property on board? The English captain answered, he came from England, was born there, and was bound to Carlisle Bay, and that he had no American property on board. The Algerine then ordered him to return to his own vessel, and bring all his papers relative to his lading and clearance from the customs, which being done, the Algerine was satisfied, and after treating him genteelly, dismissed him, at the same time tell-

ing him he was on a cruise for American vessels.

Montgomery further said, they concluded at first fight they were American ships, as they were American built, who had captured the Xebec, and that they were all clean fast sailing vessels and full of men. The whole of the conversation was carried on between the Algerine and English Captain in proper English.—Captain Pelley further declares, he has no doubt of his informant's veracity, but believes the relation to be a fact.

Signed CHARLES PELLEY.

Charleston, April 1, 1786.

Charles Pelley, the subscribing party to the foregoing information, being examined by his Excellency the governor, made oath the said relation is as near as he can recollect, the substance he received from the within mentioned Montgomery. Sworn before me, S. DRAYTON, J. P.

On Friday last the brig Zephyr, Capt. Lee, arrived here from l'Orient in 47 days passage. By this arrival we have received intelligence, that a contract has been lately completed, by an American merchant, for the admission of whale oil into France, from the United States, at the stipulated price of forty livres per C. free of duty.

April 27. A few nights since a villain broke open the cabin of a Connecticut vessel, lying at long wharf, and stole therefrom six or seven hundred dollars in cash—but being flush of his light earned money, he soon betrayed himself, and was on Sunday last apprehended and committed to goal.

NEW-YORK, April 25.

A rencontre happened last Friday evening behind the hospital, between Mr. Samuel Curson, a very respectable merchant of this city, and Mr. Burling, a gentleman from Baltimore in Maryland. It seems Mr. Burling, for some supposed injuries done his family by Mr. Curson, had pursued him to the West-Indies, to London, and from thence back to the continent again, and lately arrived in this city, where he obtained that revenge which he had so indefatigably sought. On arriving at the destined spot, they took their distance at ten paces, when Mr. B. desired Mr. C. to fire, but he declined, saying "he had done him no injury, and he did not wish to shed his blood." After some altercation between the parties, Mr. B. fired, and lodged the contents of the pistol in his antagonist's groin, which is pronounced mortal. By this unhappy catastrophe, society will, in all probability, be deprived of a worthy member, and an amiable family precipitated from the summit of tranquility, into the most poignant misfortune. (New-York Gazetteer.)

27.  
DIED suddenly, on Monday last, SAMUEL CURSON, Esq. The unhappy ca-



tastrophe which occasioned his death must not be told! Honour, is a sacred tie; but, LIFE is more sacred!—HUMANITY lets fall a sympathetic tear, at the sight of the agonizing grief of affectionate sisters, excited by a tender brother's fate! and every feeling heart by nature taught, must "Nurse the big drop, and bid it gently flow."

Mr. Curson was followed to the grave last evening by a very respectable body of gentlemen, and interred in the yard of the Old English church.

### New-Haven, May 4.

We are informed, that at Greenwich in England, forty tons of copper is now coining into half-pence, for the use of the American States: on one side an Eye of Providence, with thirteen Stars; the reverse U. S. for United States.

Congress, on the 18th instant, elected WILLIAM ELLERY, Esq: Commissioner of the Continental loan-office, for the state of Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, in the room of Mr. CLARKE, who has resigned.

The following melancholy accident happened some time ago in Virginia, viz. Mr. William Hunter, in going out one morning to hunt, took a favourite son with him, who was about 16; they had not proceeded far before they spied some turkies on the side of a ridge; the father told his son to stay where he was, and hide, till he went on the top of the ridge to intercept the turkies if they proceeded that way, but the lad, not obeying his father, crept after him some considerable distance, and got into the top of a tree which was full of leaves. The father, on his return, seeing something among the leaves of the tree which he took to be a turkey, fired, and observed something to fall, supposing it to be a turkey, he went to pick it up, but to his great astonishment and grief found it to be his son.

At the close of the poll in New-York on Thursday evening last, it appeared from a statement of the votes in the different wards, that the following gentlemen were elected to represent that city and county in the house of assembly.

R. C. Livingston 552. William Malcom 419. Richard Varick 395. Alexander Hamilton 332. Nicholas Bayard 312. John Ray 308. Wm. Denning 290. Evert Bancker 274. David Brooks 262.

It is reported that his majesty of France having lately won about 1250l. at a lottery, exclaimed—"Had I been a poor unfortunate fellow, I should not have been so lucky."—The whole was immediately distributed to the poor of the parish.

His most Christian Majesty's packet, Le Courier de l'Orient, Capt. de Coetnempren, will positively sail from New-York for L'Orient on Wednesday next.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in New-York, to his friend in Philadelphia, dated April 19.

"The paper money bill is passed, making it a legal tender in all cases of prosecution—an inducement for people to refuse paying their debts, which many imagine was not altogether necessary—This operates as a general obstruction to business, which will not only prevent people's fatiguing themselves too much, but will liberalize men's notions of property, and, in time may bring back the apostolick practice of having all things in common. It will also take off our hearts and lessen our affections for this transitory world, the fashion whereof changeth, and further verifies the proverb, that riches take to themselves wings and flee away, and shows the particular pertinence of the wife man's question,—What good hath a man of all the labour wherewith he laboureth under the sun?"

We are informed from Paris, that M. Vailant confirms the accounts hitherto generally doubted, that in the interior parts of Africa there is a colony where the natives have trained the ostrich to bear burthens, and employ them upon all occasions instead of horses.

Lord Dunmore (says a London paper) is appointed Governor of the Island Bermuda, and Governor Brown is to be recalled, that a thorough cleaning is to take place at the Custom-house in Bermuda, when his Lordship arrives there, which is expected will be this spring; the Collector is to be recalled to answer to the charges sent here against him by an officer of the customs at Bermuda, suspended by his Excellency some time past.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Edinburgh, to his friend in Philadelphia, dated Jan. 30, 1786.

"There has been a greater loss of shipping on this coast since the month began than ever was known in this age. Storms and hurricanes have followed each other in quick succession. Dreadful to relate! about fifty sail are lost, out of whom five hundred souls perished."

Lately departed this life at Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, TENCH TILGHMAN, Esq; a gentleman no less distinguished for public, than for private virtues: Of the former, it is enough to say—that he was during the late war the confidential Secretary and Aid de Camp of the illustrious Commander in chief of the American forces—of the latter, his punctuality, integrity, and regularity as a merchant his excellent deportment as a citizen, a parent and a friend—and his general benevolence as a man, will long remain the precious testimonials—He bore the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army from April 1777, to its being disbanded,—he received the last public acknowledgement of esteem from his Great Chief, on the 19th of October, 1781, on the occasion of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army—an event which he was sent to notify to Congress—who thereupon, on the 29th of the same month, voted him the plaudit of his merit and abilities; but a short time did he live to enjoy the glories he had so well earned in the field—or the amiable character he sustained in every part of life.

"It is the task which Heaven allots for heroes  
"To toil for others, while themselves taste least  
"Of the unnumbered blessings they afford."

The Reverend Mr. Hart, of Preston, is appointed to preach the Election Sermon.

We hope that our good friends in the country will be ready to assist us in case of necessity. The appearance of the Algerines in the West-Indies ought to alarm us, as we have no reason to assure ourselves that this town will not be laid under a contribution by them in less than forty-eight hours.

Died at Hartford, Doctor SOLOMON SMITH, in the 52d. year of his age.

On Thursday last, died Mr. ADONIJAH SHERMAN, of this city, aged 52.

### NEW DIALOGUE of the DEAD.

The following curious lines are on a tombstone in Ilington church yard. The speakers are Thomas Gibbons, and his Wife Anne, who sometime survived him.

THOMAS, art thou alive? Yes, with God on high.  
Anne, art thou dead?—Yes, Thomas, here I lie.

A Mode to preserve the PEACH-TREE from being injured by a species of worm, which for many years past has destroyed numbers of them in this and the neighbouring states, by JACOB COLEMAN, of PENNSYLVANIA, Lower Merion township, Montgomery county, viz.

CLEAR away the gum that issues out of the tree affected by the worm, strew a little flour of brimstone around the root, cover it lightly with fine mould, that it may not blow away, yet so that the sun may operate through and cause the brimstone to fumigate, which destroys the worm. One pound of brimstone will be sufficient for near 200 trees. The same kind of sulphur he also found to be destructive to caterpillars which at this season are beginning to prey on the orchards of apple-trees) viz. split the end of a pole or stick, put therein a few brimstone matches, set them on fire and hold the pole under the nest, and the caterpillars will perish. A pole thus lighted will answer for three or four nests.

These experiments he hath tried with great success, and recommends them.

### Naval-Office.

#### ENTERED.

Brig James, Miller, Cape-Francois.  
Sloop Betsey, White, Jamaica.  
Sloop Catharine, Trowbridge, St. Croix.  
Do. Endeavour, Clark, Do.  
Do. Dolphin, Staples, St. Eustatia.  
Do. Delight, Ward, New-York.  
Do. Friendship, Bradley, Do.  
Do. Dolphin, Throop, Do.  
Do. Polly, Huggins, Do.  
Do. Catharine, Clark, Do.

#### CLEARED.

Brig. Rachel, Griffin, Cape Francois.  
Sloop Delight, Ward, New-York.  
Schooner Polly, M'Gray, Yarmouth.  
Sloop Hazard, Nicholson, Fishing Voyage.  
Do. Catharine, Clark, New-York.  
Schooner Industry, Rundle, Halifax.